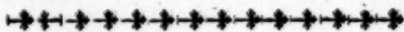


Dirge in *Cymbeline*.



TO fair FIDELIA's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd swains assemble here,
And tender virgins own their Love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
But female fays shall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

The Red Breast oft at evening hours,
Shall gently lend its little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the Sylvan cell,
Or, 'midst the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be daily shed;
Belov'd, 'til Life cou'd charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'til pity's self is dead!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.